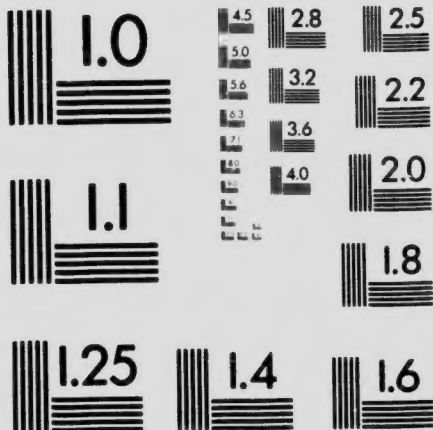


MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



"Rubbish!" said the Sparrow Imp. "You know you're enjoying it all. Good-by, Snooker. I'll fly over sometimes and see how you're behaving."

The floating Palace moved slowly away from the shore on its long homeward journey, with Flip-Flap and Don standing on the veranda, waving farewells.

"That's good-by to Funbeam," said Don, regretfully. "Won't Snooker make a lovely mascot!"

THE TWILIGHT SERIES FOR LITTLE FOLKS

- | | |
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THE CHILDREN OF FUNBEAM



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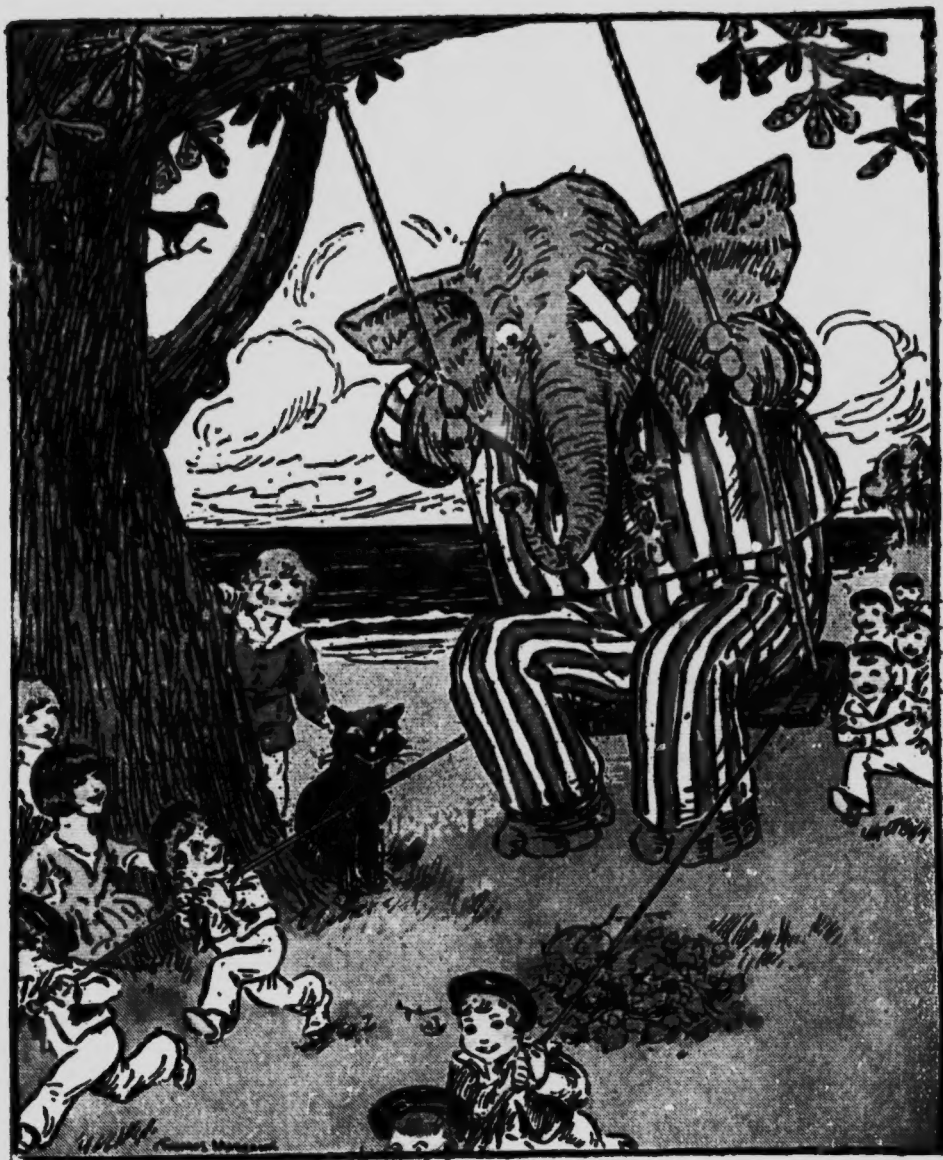
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"Higher, higher!" shouted Flip-Flap. "Give me some more"

Frontis. Vol. IV

THE CHILDREN OF FUNBEAM

BY
FLO LANCESTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
THOMAS MAYBANK

**THE TWILIGHT
SERIES FOR
LITTLE FOLK**

MCCLELLAND & STEWART, LTD., TORONTO

1920

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THE SPARROW IMP'S RETURN

FLIP-FLAP and Don were sitting at the table, chatting over their dessert.

"These spiced snowballs are lovely, Oojah, dear," said Don. "Do have a taste at them."

"Don't know if I've any more room," replied the Oojah. "I've three platefuls of whipped whortleberries and candied cauliflowers now."

"My whiskers!" cried the Kitten-Cat, sitting up. "There's a fine fat sparrow out there. I'm off to Snooker him double-quick." And he jumped down from the table.

"It's the Sparrow Imp!" exclaimed Don, excitedly. "It's our own dear Sparrow Imp come back to us again."

"So it is, so it is," said the Great Oojah. "Where's he been all this time? Snooker, come back this instant minute! That's our own special Sparrow Imp. You mustn't touch him!"

"Come here at once, Snooker," called Don.

"He'll never get me. Don't worry," chirped the

Sparrow Imp, hopping through the window to his old place on Flip-Flap's head.

"My tail! Who are you, I should like to know?" cried Snooker, humping his back. "Who are you, Master Impertinence, taking my seat?"

"That's my dearest, oldest friend," said Don, gently. "And you've got to be very nice indeed to him—as nice as cream."

"What's the use of a sparrow you can't eat?" grumbled Snooker.

"Whyever is that cat here?" inquired the Sparrow Imp. "He's all smudgey-black!"

"He's our little Kitten-Cat," answered Flip-Flap. "You'll grow very fond of him, maybe."

"Humph!" said the Sparrow Imp. "There's too many cats in the world to be comfortable, already."

"Where have you been all this long while?" Don asked.

"I took a long, little holiday," chirped the Sparrow Imp. "I've been visiting abroad, and had a glorious time."

"Where's abroad?" asked Flip-Flap.

"I've been flying around in Funbeam," explained the Sparrow Imp. "Princess Funbeam took a great fancy to me, and the Funbeams treated me beautifully every day. They caught me snails, and grew



“My tail! Who are you, I should like to know?”
cried Snooker”



me raspberries, peaches, and cherry cake, too."

"You didn't eat the Funbeams, I suppose?" inquired Snooker.

"Rubbish! Much you know!" scoffed the Sparrow Imp. "Funbeam is a land of children, all laughs and smiles. There's never a grown-up to be seen."

"Let's go to Funbeam now," suggested Don. "I'd like to see those children."

"So should I," said the Oojah. "And it's time we took a dose of holiday. Off we'll go to Funbeam."

THE FLOATING PALACE

The Sparrow Imp returns to Oojah Land and tells Flip-Flap and Don all about a wonderful country called Funbeam, where he has been visiting. Don says he would like to go there for a holiday, and Flip-Flap promises to take him. Now read on.

THAT night when everybody was in bed Flip-Flap got up and paced the veranda. "What's the matter, Great Oojah?" asked the Sparrow Imp, sleepily.

"I'm puzzledly-puzzled," Flip-Flap answered. "I promised Don we'd go to Funbeam, and I can't remember however to get there. It's crinkling up my ears, thinking so hard."

"Easy as pie it is," chirped the Sparrow Imp. "It's a good job I came home—your forgettery's getting worse. You get there by magic, of course."

The Great Oojah opened his eyes wide, and flapped his ears.

"Yes, I remember now," he said. "My forgettery again! I'm afraid it's getting worse, instead of better."

"I suppose you've forgotten you can double magic when you want to?" the Sparrow chirped. "It's time there was someone around to tell you what to do."

Flip-Flap sat down so clumsily he bumped his head against the palace wall.

"There goes my best head!" he moaned. "That'll make another lump, I suppose. It'll be nothing but lumps by and by. But it generally does my think-box good, and makes my remembers better. How do I double-magic?"

The Sparrow Imp came and did a long whisper in his ear.

"The very thing!" cried the Oojah, jumping up. "But I shouldn't like to leave my beautiful palace behind."

"Then take it with you, why don't you?" asked the Sparrow. "Our little Hum-Jum-Jarum loves surprises—give him one now."

"So I can, so I can," said Flip-Flap. "It's a lovely moonlight night. Maybe I'll tie some magic-beams to the palace to help it along."

"I hope you're not taking that smudgey-black Kitten-Cat," said the Sparrow Imp.

"I couldn't leave Snooker behind," said the Oojah. "He looks after my forgettery. Now I'll do my

6 THE CHILDREN OF FUNBEAM

double-magic, and take my palace along. I'm just beginning to enjoy myself."

So Flip-Flap worked his double-magic, looking very important. The palace moved swiftly along the roads until it reached the shore. Then it floated away from Oojah Land, far over the moonlit sea.

When Don and Snooker awoke next morning the floating palace had stopped on a sandy beach. Don rubbed his eyes, and Snooker stretched himself.

"Funny sort of dream," said Snooker. "I seemed to be catching the smell of fish."

"It isn't a dream," said Don. "Everything's altered. Something's gone wrong—this isn't Oojah Land, I know. Wherever can we be?"

"Hāven't I managed it well?" asked Flip-Flap, smiling. "I've done a double-magic on the palace and brought you all across the sea. I've floated you over to Funbeam."

THE FUNBEAMS

The Sparrow Imp returns to Oojah Land, and tells them all of a wonderful land called Funbeam, where he has been visiting. Flip-Flap works a double-magic, and takes them all in his palace to Funbeam. Now read on.

“**S**O we’ve reached Funbeam,” said Don. “Hurrah! But I wish I’d seen you working the double-magic.”

“Do hurry up and get your feathers on,” said the Sparrow Imp. “The Funbeam children will soon be here.”

“My suffering tail!” cried Snooker. “I don’t like children.”

“If I was a black-smudge cat, I’d keep out of sight,” scoffed the Sparrow Imp.

“You’re getting much too chirpy,” retorted Snooker. “That’s an everlasting complaint of the Sparrow family.”

“Dear, dear,” sighed Flip-Flap. “These quarrelings will take all the curl out of my trunk, I’m afraid.”

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"Canary-bird!" muttered Snooker. "It's high time he was made into Sparrow-pie!"

"Cheer up, everybody," called the Sparrow Imp. "Smile your very smiliest. Look—the Funbeams are coming!"

Flip-Flap turned to see the Funbeam children, with rosy, laughing faces, running towards the palace.

"I've told them miles about the Great Oojah, and Hum-Jum-Jarum, the Little Oojah," explained the Sparrow Imp. "So you see they know all about you."

"Aren't they dinky little dears?" exclaimed Don.

Flip-Flap's smile of delight measured nearly a yard wide.

"An elephant, a dear big elephant!" cried one of the Funbeams. "That will be the Great Oojah."

"And there's a new boy," said another. "That will be the Little Oojah."

"I can see a cat!" cried one. "A black, black cat. Do come out, catty-darling. We've got some cuddles for you."

"My whiskers!" said Snooker. "Looks as if I'm going to be a pet. I shall like these Funbeams, I'm afraid."

"Come in, children, come in," Flip-Flap called,



Clambering over everything to reach the chocolate cigarettes
Flip-Flap was handing out.

opening wide the door. "I am the Great Oojah. Welcome to my floating palace."

The Funbeams crowded in making friends and clambering over everything to reach the chocolate cigarettes Flip-Flap was handing out.

"We came to get a holiday, and have some fun," Don explained.

"You've come to the right place," said one. "It's all fun here. It grows wild in Funbeam."

"We'll have splendid times, then," said Don. "You'll let me play with you, won't you?"

"Play!" cried one little girl. "We don't know any play. Is it hard to do?"

"Hard?" asked Don. "You don't know anything about fun if you've never learnt to play."

"Isn't he a wonder-boy?" they whispered. "Would it cost much to teach us to play?"

"What nonsense!" exclaimed the Sparrow Imp. "My little Hum-Jum-Jarum will teach you everything, for nothing."

"And I'll teach you Snookering," added the Kitten-Cat.

"Hush, you black-smudgel!" said the Sparrow Imp. "Put on all your best manners—here comes the little Princess!"

PLAYTIME IN FUNBEAM

Flip-Flap works a double-magic and takes himself, his palace, Don, Snooker, and the Sparrow Imp to Funbeam, a land of children, where they receive a warm welcome. Now read on.

“WELCOME to Funbeam,” cried the Princess. “What a beautiful palace! And what a lovely elephant!”

“The Little Oojah’s going to teach us how to play,” the Funbeams cried.

“Then we’ll take him off at once,” said Princess Funbeam.

So day after day Don was kept busy making marbles and hoops, and carving tops and little wooden ships.

Flip-Flap was ransacking his palace to find a lost pajama button. At last he came running out.

“I found such a big button, Don,” he cried. “Maybe you could sew it on for me. It’s got no holes in it, though.”

"Button?" exclaimed Don. "Why, that's a gold watch."

"What's a watch?" Flip-Flap asked.

"Tells you the time," replied Don, smiling. "You wind it up and it goes."

"Can you wind my forgettery up?" asked the Oojah. "Maybe you could make that go."

He began swinging his watch around by the chain.

"That's not the way," laughed Don. "You wind it with a key."

The Oojah hurried off, and soon returned with the key of the palace.

"That's a million times too big," said Don. "I'll find one, Oojah, dear, when I finish this game."

"I'm sure I could do that," declared Flip-Flap, as he watched them playing. "I am the Great Oojah, and I'm going to do everything."

But somehow his attempts to play brought nothing but trouble. The skipping-ropes caught his feet, and tumbled him headlong. He picked up a top, and whipped it so hard it went crashing through the palace windows. Then he joined a game of cricket, but the ball bounced up and gave him a black eye.

"That's enough play for me," he groaned, mopping his injured eye with a corner of his pajamas.

"I need some comfortables now. Set me in a swing, and let me have some air."

"You're dreadfully heavy to swing, Oojah, dear," said Don.

"We'll all give a help," offered the Funbeams. And tying their skipping-ropes to the swing, they pulled him backwards and forwards.

"Higher, higher!" shouted Flip-Flap. "Give me some more!"

Then suddenly the swing broke, and he fell down head-first into a prickly thorn-bush.

"Oh, dear!" moaned the Oojah. "I'm needles and pins all over!"

A jeering laugh came from a group of children peeping and prying through the thick bushes.

"Those are Stranger-Children!" cried the little Princess. "Whatever can they be doing here? They must be spies."

THE STRANGER-CHILDREN

Flip-Flap, Don, Snooker and the Sparrow Imp go to Funbeam, a land of happy children. Flip-Flap tumbles off a swing, and the Stranger-Children, who hate the Funbeams, laugh at him. Now read on.

THE Funbeams picked up their bats and balls and spinning-tops and hurled them right and left as they chased away the jeering Stranger-Children.

The Strangers ran until they could run no farther. Then they fell down and rolled along, till at last they reached the forest.

"Those horrible Funbeams have driven us nearly to death," panted one. "Pelting us with their nasty marbles and tops. I'm nothing but bruises and bumps!"

"I'll tell you what," said another, "I'd just like to shoot that foolish old elephant they're so proud of."

"I know a deed fifty times better than that," said the first. "Catch him and take him to the man who buys animals for the circus. Then we'll run them

out of Funbeam, and live in that fine palace down by the sea. But we must catch that old elephant at once."

"Because why?" asked the other.

"He'll be easier to catch now he's hurt himself a splendid lot falling from the swing," answered the first.

Next morning Snooker was missing from the palace.

"I can't think wherever our Kitten-Cat's gone," said Flip-Flap anxiously.

"Gone Snookering, of course," replied the Sparrow Imp.

"My head's uneasy after my bad tumble," said Flip-Flap. "Very uneasy. I think I'll take a little walk."

"I'll come to look after you," offered Don.

"No, it's rest I'm wanting," said the Oojah, shaking his head. "It hurts my head to talk. I'll find a nice quiet place somewhere, and maybe I'll come across my Kitten-Cat, too."

So Flip-Flap wandered off by himself. All day he stayed out, and at moonlighting time he was still absent. Don was beginning to get anxious, when Snooker jumped in through the palace window with wild whiskers and ruffled fur.

"Such excitements!" he panted. "Where's Flip-Flap?"

"Looking for you, of course," said the Sparrow Imp.

"Then it's happened!" cried Snooker. "When I was out on a mouse-hunt I heard those Stranger-Children whispering. They were plotting to steal our Great Oojah, and sell him. Wake up everybody, at once, to rescue him."

They called the Funbeams, and in a minute everything was bustle and confusion. Snooker led the way, and dashed forward into the forest.

"Too late, too late!" he wailed. "Here's a pink leg of Flip-Flap's pajamas hanging on this bush. They've captured the Great Oojah!"

THE CAPTURE OF FLIP-FLAP

Flip-Flap, Don, Snooker and the Sparrow Imp go to Funbeam, the land of happy children, but their enemies, the Stranger-Children, determine to have their revenge after the Funbeams have chased them away. Now read on.

LEAVING the Palace, Flip-Flap turned into the forest. Every few minutes he stopped to call the Kitten-Cat, but no Snooker appeared.

The Stranger-Children lay hidden among the trees, watching.

"Quick! Now's our chance!" cried one. "Bang a bit of salt on his tail. We'll certainly surely catch him."

Creeping up on tiptoe, they clapped the salt on Flip-Flap's tail.

"We've caught you tightly now, you old gray elephant!" they shouted.

"Don't make such a noise," complained Flip-Flap. "Me caught, did you say? It's Snooker you've caught, maybe."

"Caught yourself, you are," they jeered. "If you can put salt on a bird's tail you catch him, you know. We've salted your tail all over, My Lord Elephant, and you're caught as caught can be."

"Dear, dear!" sighed Flip-Flap. "Caught, am I? And there's no one here to look after my forgettery. What am I to do next, I wonder?"

"You just stop your mutters!" they ordered. "Come along with us, and move a bit faster, can't you?"

Blindfolding the Great Oojah, they pushed and pulled him along through the forest. When at last they took his bandages off, Flip-Flap found they had locked him fast in a big iron cage.

"I must find Snooker," he cried. "Let me go back to my palace."

"You great elephant, you!" they jeered, poking him with long sticks, and pulling his trunk and tail. "We've got you safely-safe now."

"Snooker! Don! Sparrow Imp!" he called. "Help, help!"

But the only answer he got was the scornful laugh of his tormentors. They brought him soapy water to drink, and pushed thistles into the cage for him to lie on. Then they left him.

"This is a nice fix," said Flip-Flap. "Maybe I'm



"You great elephant, you!" they jeered. "We've got you safely-safe now."

having a nasty dream. I'll go off to sleep, and wake up in Oojah Land, perhaps."

So off he dozed, but chattering voices roused him again.

"Dear, dear!" he sighed. "So it's not a dream. What's that?"

He listened with all his might, for the Stranger-Children were talking about him.

"He's caught and done for now," said one. "Those throw-ball Funbeams have lost him forever."

"We shall be rich," said another. "The Circus-man will surely pay us a hundred cents for a real, live elephant."

"We ought to get a dime or two more—he's so fat," said the first. "Let's take him right away from Funbeam to-morrow, and find that Circus-man. We'll soon sell the old Oojah."

THE RESCUE OF FLIP-FLAP

Flip-Flap, Don, Snooker, and the Sparrow Imp float to Funbeam in the Great Oojah's palace; but the Stranger-Children—the enemies of the happy Funbeams—steal Flip-Flap. There is a great hunt for him. Now read on.

ALL through the night they scoured the forest, searching for the Great Oojah. Don led the way, with Snooker and the Sparrow Imp, followed by all the Funbeams.

"My whiskers!" said the Kitten-Cat, "I'm falling in love with these Johnnies and Judies."

"Whatever can you mean?" Don asked.

"He means the Funbeams, of course," said the Sparrow Imp. "Didn't you know each boy is named Johnnie, and every girl is called Judy? It saves their memories, you know."

"How nice," Don laughed. "Well, they're very jolly children, anyway."

In the gray dawn they came upon poor Flip-Flap, still fastened in the cage. All around lay the

Stranger-Children, fast asleep. When he saw them coming he gazed at them, sorrowfully.

"I used to be the Great Oojah," he mourned. "But now I'm all caught in this dreadful prison. Whatever shall I do?"

"Work magic, of course," the Sparrow Imp reminded him.

Flip-Flap brightened up, then shook his head.

"I can't," he sighed. "There's no room to do magic in this cage."

"Break it, then, Oojah, dear," suggested Don.

"I can't," said Flip-Flap. "They've put some of their foreign magic on me, and it's taken my strength away."

"Oh, my bedsocks!" cried Snooker. "They've salted his tail!"

"Poor Flip-Flap," said Don, brushing the salt away with his handkerchief. "It's all gone, now. Push hard, Oojah, dear."

The Great Oojah sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"I'm growing stronger, already," he declared. "Stand back, everybody, while I burst the cage." And pushing forward with all his might he soon broke down the iron bars and got free.

"Hurrah!" cried Don and Snooker and the Sparrow Imp.



"Who's that?" he cried suddenly, pointing to his palace.

"Hurrah!" cried the Funbeams, with a shout so loud it woke the Stranger-Children up in a fright.

"Oh, look!" exclaimed one. "Here's those throw-ball Funbeams after us. And they've let the great fat elephant loose—run!" And for the second time they ran away as fast as ever they could go.

"We'll give them salt if ever they show themselves in Funbeam any more!" cried one little Judy.

They led the Great Oojah home in triumph to his palace.

"You'll come in to breakfast, won't you?" Flip-Flap asked.

"Who's that?" he cried suddenly, pointing to his palace. "I don't know him. He doesn't come from Oojah Land, I know—look, Don."

Don looked at the floating palace, and there, sitting on the doorstep, looking very tired and sleepy, sat a huge striped tiger.

THE TRAVELING TIGER

Flip-Flap is stolen by the Stranger-Children, but is rescued, and comes back to his Palace, to find a strange Tiger sitting on his doorstep. The Funbeams hail the animal as an old friend. Now read on.

WHEN the Funbeams saw the Tiger sitting on the Palace steps, they sent up a loud shout of welcome.

"It's our old traveling Tiger," explained a Johnnie. "Such tales he'll have to tell us!"

"It's very tired I am, children," said the Tiger. "Give me some breakfast, and lend me a bed, or I'll drop all to pieces with sleepiness."

"Come in, sir, come in," said Flip-Flap. "I'm tired, too, with the bad time I've been having. We'll have some breakfast and go off—there's plenty of room in my bed for two."

"But we want to hear the stories you brought home," complained a little Judy.

"I'm afraid you must wait, my dears," said the Oojah. "You don't suppose a Tiger can tell tales when he's hungry."

Flip-Flap led the way into the Palace, and when breakfast was over they all went upstairs.

"Here's half my best bed for you, sir," he said. "Maybe our little Funbeams will crowd in and find seats somewhere. Don, dear, come and hold my hand."

The Funbeams sat on the floor, perched on the dressing-table, and climbed over the bedrail. They peeped in at the windows and door.

"He does tell such wonderful stories," whispered one Johnnie to Don. "We wouldn't miss a word."

Flip-Flap handed a box of chocolate cigarettes around.

"This is good," murmured the Tiger, gratefully. "Now I feel extra comfortable, and I shall tell extra good tales, I know. Well, children, I've been to the jungle, and I've won two hundred new stripes for bravery—just look at my back."

"Bravery!" muttered Snooker. "He'll be nothing but stripes soon. But I thought stripes were for good conduct?"

"Hush, Snooker," whispered Don. "You never expect good conduct from a tiger."

"Such adventures I've had!" the Tiger continued. "I found 365 of them in a year!"

"That's really splendid," said Princess Funbeam.

"And I won the Jungle Order of Merit, too," said the Tiger.

"Got it with you?" Snooker asked. "Let's see it."

"It's too valuable to carry about," the Tiger answered. "I buried it in a bank, for safety."

"I don't like this Tiger," the Kitten-Cat whispered. "He's a lot too stripey and loud."

For three days and nights the Tiger kept them listening to his wonderful stories. By that time everybody had fallen fast asleep.

When they awoke the Palace was full of distress, for Princess Funbeam had completely disappeared.

"She must have been captured by those Stranger-Children," cried one little Johnnie. "We can't find our Princess anywhere!"

THE MISSING PRINCESS

Flip-Flap, Don, and Snooker go to Funbeam, where all the children are happy—except the Stranger-Children, who make mischief. One day Princess Funbeam is missing, and no one can find her. Now read on.

THEY searched all over Funbeam for the Princess, but never a trace could they find. "Maybe she's doing a magic," suggested Flip-Flap.

"No, none of us are magic," a Funbeam boy answered. "It's very strange—none of us have ever been lost before."

"She's gone traveling, of course," said the Sparrow Imp. "Didn't you see her taking in every word the traveling Tiger said?"

"My tail!" cried Snooker. "She'll be looking for adventures and stripes, like the Tiger, I suppose."

"And all alone, too," said Don, in great distress.

"Dear, dear," exclaimed Flip-Flap. "Poor little Princess-girl! Whatever can we do?"

"We must find her before anything happens," said Don.

So the Oojah locked the Palace door, hanging the key around his neck, and they went off with the Funbeams in search of the missing Princess.

"I'll ride you when you're tired," said Flip-Flap. "Maybe you'd better take turns."

"Then I'll have mine now," said the Kitten-Cat. "That talkee Tiger made me terribly tired."

"Rubbish!" said the Sparrow Imp. "It's nothing but laziness."

"Look, Oojah, dear!" cried Don, stopping to pick something up. "I've found Princess Funbeam's fan. She must have come this way."

"My whiskers!" exclaimed Snooker. "She's on the way to the jungle, then."

"She must be found," said Don. "Even if we have to search the jungle over and over."

As they neared the forest they saw tiny footprints in the soft earth. They traced them right to the jungle.

"My pajamas!" cried Flip-Flap. "Here's a place! Put your bravest boots on, and follow me." And he led the way in.

Don was so anxious to find the Princess he forgot

the others, and ran ahead until he got entangled in the thick brushwood and undergrowth.

He struggled on till at last he spied a scrap of lace caught on a bush.

"That's from her dress," he said. "We must be on the track."

He pushed hastily on through the tall elephant grass.

"Princess!" he shouted. "Little Princess, where are you?"

"I'm here!" came a quavering answer. "Oh, come quickly, somebody, do!"

"Coming!" Don called. "Coming in a minute!"

As he hurried through the jungle gay cockatoos screamed on every side, and chattering monkeys made faces at him from among the trees.

"They're dreadfully rude and noisy here," said Don. "But I can't be particular—I must find the Princess. Why, there she is! But how am I to rescue her?"

THE HUNGRY LION

Princess Funbeam is lost, and the whole of Funbeam sets out to find her. Don rushes on ahead, and suddenly hears her shouting for help. Now read on.

FOR one moment Don stopped, then rushed forward with the biggest shout he could find. For, crouching under a tree, her face covered with her hands, shivered the little Princess. A group of scarlet-faced monkeys were pulling her hair and tearing her dress. Chattering and squealing, they climbed the trees, and pelted her with nuts.

"I'm here, little Princess," called Don. "It's a good job I learnt some monkey tricks in Oojah Land."

Taking a bright red and yellow ball from his pocket, he first showed it to the monkeys, then threw it away as far as ever he could. As the monkeys ran jabbering after it, Don dashed in and caught the Princess by the hand.

"Quick!" he cried. "We must run off while they're quarreling and hide."

"I'm so glad you came," said Princess Funbeam. "They frightened me most dreadfully."

"We'll soon get you home," said Don, "once we're clear of the monkeys. This is the way out."

But Don made a mistake, and instead of getting out of the jungle they wandered about for hours.

A plaintive cry sounded in the distance.

"Listen!" said the Princess. "We're found! That's your ducky little black cat."

"Snooker!" shouted Don. "Snooker, where are you?"

"Here," the Kitten-Cat answered, jumping the bushes to reach them. "I've lost myself!"

"Oh, dear, and we're lost, too!" sighed Don.

"My suffering tail, then we're all lost!" cried Snooker. "I lost the others hunting cockatoos. Then I lost my cockatoo, looking for them. Carry me, Don, I'm so tired."

"Poor little black cat," said the Princess. "Let me carry him."

"I can't go an inch further," declared Don, at last. "We must sit down and rest."

They were all so tired they had almost fallen asleep when they heard someone crashing through



"This is my land and it's my dinner time. I'm going to eat you both!"

the brushwood. Don opened his eyes, then, jumping up hastily, he pushed the little Princess behind him. For a savage lion stood glaring at them with angry eyes.

"Who invited you into my jungle?" he growled.

"We came to look for Princess Funbeam," Don explained. "She was lost, Lord Lion."

The Lion stalked nearer, looking still more angry.

"Don't call me Lord Lion," he snarled. "I'm king of the jungle, I'll have you know."

"We've a Lord Lion in Oojah Land," said Don, bravely. "And he's just like you. Are you his brother?"

The lion shook his mane and lashed his tail savagely.

"I don't know anything about Oojah Land or any other land," he roared. "This is my land and it's my dinner-time. I'm going to eat you both!"

POUNCE, THE PANTHER

Princess Funbeam is lost, but Don and Snooker discover her in a wood. An angry lion finds them, and says he is hungry and is going to eat them. Now read on.

“**I**’VE had no dinner yet,” said the lion. “I’m awfully hungry, so I must eat you.”

“Then that’s good-by to me and my poor whiskers,” said Snooker, mournfully.

“I never eat whiskers,” snarled the lion. “Keep them. But I’ll just look you round a few times first—I like to know what I’m eating.”

He stalked slowly round them, giving a low growl every time they moved. They were all too frightened even to try to run away.

Something flitted past them, and perched on a bush near by. It was the Sparrow Imp.

“Keep up your courage,” he chirped. “The Great Oojah is near.”

“The lion’s getting ready to eat us for dinner,” moaned the Princess.

"Rubbish," retorted the Sparrow Imp. "Here comes Flip-Flap."

As the Great Oojah and the army of Funbeams came marching along, the lion sat down and roared.

"A nice thing, this is!" cried the Oojah. "A disgrace to the jungle, that's what you are! Hold my eyeglass, Don, and everybody do a shut-eye. I'm going to magic."

Twirling around on his head he worked his magic in the old way. When he came to his feet again the great lion had shriveled down until he was no larger than a poor little mouse.

"That's done for you," said Flip-Flap. "You won't try to eat anybody again, maybe."

"Oh, wonderful Oojah," cried the Funbeams. "You've saved our dear Princess!"

"And he's saved me and my whiskers," added Snooker. "That's two of my lives I owe to him."

"Take me home, darling Oojah," the Princess pleaded. "I've had enough of the jungle."

So they made their way back through the tall elephant grass.

"Wait a minute," a coarse voice shouted. "I'm coming, too."

"That's Pounce, the Panther," a Funbeam explained. "He's been having his summer holidays."



Twirling round on his head he worked his magic in the old way.

"Who have you picked up now?" asked Pounce, eyeing Flip-Flap and Don jealously.

"They're friends of the Sparrow Imp," the Princess explained. "They saved my life, and we love them just dearly."

"I don't like this panther," whispered Don.

"He's jealous," answered Snooker. "I don't like to say it, seeing he's a relation of mine, but he's not as good as he ought to be, I'm afraid."

"I hope Pounce isn't going to be disagreeable," said a Ju. "How cross he looks!"

"What a fuss they make over this fat old elephant," the panther muttered. "I was their greatest pet before, but I take a back seat now, I suppose. I'll find some way to get rid of that old Oojah."

SNOOKER IN TROUBLE

After Flip-Flap saves Princess Funbeam, Don, and Snooker from the lion by reducing him to the size of a mouse, they meet Pounce the Panther. He goes home with them, but is jealous of Flip-Flap. Now read on.

EVERY day Pounce grew more jealous of the Great Oojah, for the Funbeams were nearly always at the palace, and the Panther sat in a corner, pining away.

"I must do something," he muttered. "I'll invite the elephant out for a sail, and tip him overboard. That will be the end of him." And he hurried away.

"Here's Pounce!" cried Princess Funbeam, from the palace window. "Do come in for some supper."

The Panther jumped through the window and helped himself from a turnip tart.

"It's a beautiful night," he said. "Come for a sail, Great Oojah? It will cure you of every illness you never had."

"The very thing," said Flip-Flap. "I'll come with thanks."

"Not if Snooker knows it," said the Kitten-Cat, running in. And he told how he heard Pounce making wicked plans to himself.

Long before he finished the Panther slunk away to the forest.

"This fat elephant and his gang will ruin me," he muttered. "I must steal that black cat at all costs."

Next morning as Snooker strolled around for his breakfast ramble he stumbled over a rabbit-hole and fell into a trap. The more he struggled the faster he was caught.

"That's your punishment for sneaking out secrets," the Panther snapped.

"Phizz!" answered Snooker.

"There you stay until you tell the secret of the fat elephant's magic."

"Oh, my tail! I wouldn't tell you anything," retorted Snooker.

"Please yourself," said Pounce. "Tell, and you go free. Refuse, and there you stay. Which is it to be?"

"Phizz!" replied Snooker, louder than before. "That's all I've got to say—Phizz!"

"Then you can Phizzle for all your nine lives," said Pounce. "You'll never see your Oojahs any more." And he stalked off, lashing his tail savagely.

"A nice mess you're in now," a voice called.

Looking up, Snooker saw the Sparrow Imp.

"Chirpy as ever, are you?" Snooker asked.

"Make yourself useful this once. The Panther is trying to find the secret of Flip-Flap's magic. Fly back and tell the Funbeams to take care of our dear Great Oojah."

"Rubbish, Snooker," said the Sparrow Imp.

"I'm off to find the Panther."

And away he flew.

"Release our Kitten-Cat," he demanded, "or I'll show the Funbeams your wickedness. They'd soon turn you out."

So, grumbling, but afraid, Pounce set Snooker free.

"I'm done this time," he snarled, as the Kitten-Cat raced away. "But I'll do that old Oojah soon. It's time he was out of the way."

THE BARNACLES

Pounce, the Panther, is very jealous of the Great Oojah and his friend. He traps Snooker, but the Kitten-Cat is rescued. Pounce is angry, and determines to get rid of Flip-Flap somehow. Now read on.

AFTER his attempt to trap Snooker, Pounce was ashamed to show himself near the Palace. But every night he prowled around in the darkness, peeping through windows and listening on the doorstep.

"Perhaps the Oojah keeps his magic in that big watch he's so proud of," he muttered. "It's always tick-tocking to him. I wonder what it says. I'd steal it if I wasn't afraid of it."

One morning he saw the Funbeams running about in great excitement. Flags were flying from every chimney on the floating Palace, and the Johnnies and Judies were carrying their little traveling trunks up to the veranda.

"I wonder what's doing," said Pounce, pricking up his ears to listen.

"Over the sea we'll sail away,
To-morrow, to-night, or maybe to-day,"
hummed a Funbeam boy.

"I do love the dear Great Oojah!" cried one little Judy. "Such lovely times we'll be having!"

"Oojah be conflummerated!" growled the Panther. "What's he up to now?"

Prying and listening, at last he discovered Flip-Flap had invited the Funbeams for a trip on the ocean. That night Pounce climbed on the roof, and, letting himself down a chimney, hid in the cellar.

As the moon rose the Palace floated slowly away, and the Funbeams set up a loud cheer.

"I'll get rid of him before we get back," the Panther muttered. "Then I shall be Oojah instead."

One night, as he prowled the Palace in search of food, he found the pantry locked, and had to come back hungry to his cellar. On the window-sill sat two young Barnacles.

"I'll have to put up with these to-night," he growled, clapping his paw on them.

"Please don't, Panther," they cried. "We're only little shellfish. We wouldn't make half-a-quarter of a taste for you."

"Look here, Barnacles," said Pounce. "Can you pull hard?"

"Ever so hard," they answered.

"Do a little job for me, then, and I'll let you go," he promised. "Bring all your relations along, and fasten on the Palace. Pull it down into the sea; but don't drown me—I shall be on the roof."

"I'll show the Funbeams some barnacle-magic," he muttered, as they hurried away.

Then climbing on the roof, he waited anxiously.

Thousands of the Barnacles' relations came along and seized the Palace, and presently it began to sink.

"This will settle the old Oojah," chuckled the Panther, as he leaned against a chimney.

"I'll show him what Pounce can do to his floating Palace."

SAVING THE PALACE

Pounce, the Panther, is jealous of Flip-Flap and his friends, and when the Great Oojah takes the Funbeams for a pleasure trip on the water in his Palace, he gets thousands and thousands of barnacles to pull it under the sea. Now read on.

AS the shoals of barnacles collected on the Palace, it sank lower and lower in the sea. "That's right. Pull away!" cried Pounce, and five hundred thousand barnacles pulled with all their might.

Don awoke with a start, for something was pecking at his nose.

"A nice pickle we're in now," chirped the Sparrow Imp. "There's a few battalions of barnacles trying to drown us all!"

"It's that Panther," said Snooker. "You may depend on that."

They wakened Flip-Flap, and told him the news.

"Oh, my pajamas!" exclaimed the Oojah.

"Whatever shall we do? I'll get my smoking-cap. It will save my poor head from the barnacles, maybe."

The Palace drifted close in to the shore, and Pounce sprang from the roof on to a big rock.

"Oh, the villain," cried Snooker. "He's leaving us to drown! Do a magic, Flip-Flap, before it's too late."

"I remember," answered Flip-Flap. "Hold my smoking-cap, somebody—I'll soon put this right." And in a few minutes the Palace began to rise again.

"My whiskers!" cried Snooker. "You've done the right sort of magic this time, and no mistake."

The Great Oojah put his cap on, and came to look.

"Call the Funbeams, do," said Don. "I'd like the little Princess to see."

Soon laughing faces were looking out from every window, for Flip-Flap had sent the barnacles swarming on to the Panther himself. They clustered all over him, and stuck fast.

He ran about, snapping and snarling, rubbing himself against the rocks. Then he rolled over and over, but still they clung tightly. At last he leaped over the rocks, and disappeared.

"We shall never allow him in Funbeam again," declared the Princess.

All day the Funbeams were busy, printing a poster in letters nearly as big as themselves.

"We'll put this up when we get ashore," said one Johnnie Funbeam. "Come and look, darling Oojah." And he read it out:—

**"IF POUNCE THE PANTHER PASSES
THIS POSTER, HE WILL BE PROMPTLY
PERSECUTED AND PUNISHED."**

Flip-Flap was fumbling in his pockets.

"It's too big for me to read," he said. "Where's my eye-glass?"

But it was nowhere to be found. They searched for hours, until the Oojah became impatient.

"I can't read without it," he declared. "I am the Great Oojah, and I must have my eye-glass. Not one of you shall ever go to bed again until it's discovered."

THE RAVEN BOGIE

There is much to-do in Funbeam, where Flip-Flap and his friends are visiting, because the Great Oojah has lost his eye-glass. Now read on.

FLIP-FLAP grew more impatient as the days passed.

"Here we stay until my dear eye-glass is found," he declared. "It's a good thing my watch isn't lost, or I'd have no grandeur left."

"Oojah, dear," cried Don. "Do look at our Kitten-Cat. He's actually walking off with the Sparrow Imp!"

"So he is, so he is," said Flip-Flap. "But then they've always been friends since the Sparrow Imp saved Snooker from the Panther."

It was not long before the two came racing home, Snooker wearing the missing eye-glass, and the Sparrow Imp perched on his back.

"Such news!" cried Snooker. "We found that



Picking up the net, Flip-Flap swung it around his head, then threw it far over the water.

villain Pounce asleep beyond the rocks, with the eyeglass hung around his neck."

"Of course it was," chirped the Sparrow Imp. "I could have told you that; but Flip-Flap put us all in disgrace before anybody could speak."

"I was a little rash, maybe," admitted Flip-Flap. "Never mind, I forgive everybody—it wasn't their fault."

"But aren't you going to punish the thief?" the Princess asked.

"I knew there was something," said the Oojah. "We'll go after him at once."

They found the Panther still asleep. Rolling him in a large net, the Funbeams dragged him away.

"Out from Funbeam you must go," the Princess declared. "You shall be cast out for ever. And the Great Oojah himself shall do it."

Picking up the net, Flip-Flap swung it around his head, then threw it far over the water. It whirled through the air, landing at last on a rock sticking out of the sea.

The Panther sat up and rubbed his bruises. As he was moaning and groaning a grimy-looking bird flew in and perched near.

"You make noise enough for a dozen Panthers," snapped the bird. "What's the matter with you?"

"Who are you with your questions?" snarled Pounce.

"I'm the Raven Bogie," the bird answered. "Perhaps I can help you."

Pounce told his story, and the Raven Bogie smiled wickedly.

"I know him," he said. "That elephant can't be hurt unless you touch his magic. Take that, and he's no good at all."

"I'll do it," said Pounce. "Even if I have to try for ever."

"No need for that," answered the Raven Bogie. "I can tell you how to get the Oojah's magic."

THE WOBBLY PALACE

Pounce the Panther gives a lot of trouble, so Flip-Flap flings him out to sea in a net. He lands on a rock, and the Raven Bogie tells him how to steal the Great Oojah's magic.

“**T**HERE goes a bunch of wickedness,” said Snooker, as Flip-Flap cast the Panther over the sea. “I’ll need some good cream after all these trials.”

“We’d better get back to the palace,” said Flip-Flap. “We all seem dozy and tired. It’s a shame to keep these Funbeam children up so long.”

“Why, Oojah, dear,” cried Don, “you wouldn’t let us go to bed!”

“Me, was it?” exclaimed the Oojah. “My forgettery again, I suppose. Never mind, we’ll go now.”

But the Funbeams were so sleepy Flip-Flap had to carry them home and put them to bed.

“I’d like to give them a nice surprise, Don,” he said. “I think I’ll float my palace to Oojah Land while they’re asleep.”

So he worked his magic and the palace started its journey, floating away from the beach as it was growing dark.

By the time it sailed past the rock everybody was sleeping, and nobody saw the Panther. As the palace came near he gave one spring and landed on the veranda. Climbing in at a window, he made his way to his old place in the cellar.

"I'll do you yet, you old elephant," he muttered, creeping into a cupboard for safety.

At breakfast next morning the palace began lurching.

"Something's going wrong," said Flip-Flap, clutching the tablecloth. "Everything's wobbly, or else I'm getting giddy."

"My whiskers!" cried Snooker, as another lurch landed him in the rice pudding. "These kind of wobbles are terrible."

"It's very uncomfortable," said Don, as his chair tipped him over on the floor.

"If you could only fly it wouldn't matter," chirped the Sparrow Imp, perched on the chandelier.

The plates and dishes were falling in every direction as the palace wobbled on its way, and the Funbeams clung to the tables and chairs.

"I don't know what's the matter with my palace,"

said Flip-Flap in distress. "It never did such things before."

"Work some magic, quick!" cried Snooker. "We'll all be wobbled overboard!"

"Now I remember," said the Oojah. "Every body shut-eye, and I'll soon put it right."

They all closed their eyes, but a cry from Flip-Flap made them open them quickly.

"Something's gone dreadfully wrong," he moaned. "I tried ever so hard, but my magic won't work! Whatever shall I do?"

THE TAME SHARKS

Flip-Flap invites all the Funbeams to Oojah and. He works his magic, and they all sail away in the palace; but it begins to wobble. The Great Oojah tries to steady it; but finds his magic won't work. Now read on.

CAN'T you do any magic at all, Oojah, dear?" asked Don.

"Not a stroke," answered Flip-Flap, miserably. "It's gone sick, maybe. I've been working it hard lately, you know."

"Perhaps it's taken holiday," suggested the Princess.

"My bedsocks!" cried Snooker. "I only hope it soon comes back."

The palace gave another lurch, and then stopped still.

"What's the matter with it now?" Don asked.

"It's got stuck," answered Flip-Flap. "I'm afraid it won't move until I find my magic. Whatever shall we do?"

"There's always plenty of fishes about here," said

the Kitten-Cat. "They'll be glad to earn something, I daresay, pulling us along."

"I never thought of that," exclaimed the Oojah. "We must see to this at once."

They all flocked out on the veranda.

"I want a trumpet," said Flip-Flap, looking around.

"Knock the bottom out of the coffee-pot," suggested Snooker. "That will do just as well."

"So it will, so it will," said the Oojah. "Let me have one, quick."

Then, using his loudest voice, Flip-Flap shouted through the broken coffee-pot:

"I am the Great Oojah. I offer a choice Oojah Land chocolate cigarette to every sea-person who will help tow my palace home. Roll along, you fishes—now's your chance."

"They're coming, Oojah dear," cried Don, excitedly, as a big school of tame sharks came gambolling around.

"At your service, Great Oojah," the sharks cried. "Throw us a few ropes, and we'll soon move your palace."

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Don. "We haven't any."

"Use our skipping-ropes," suggested Princess Funbeam.

"The very thing," said Flip-Flap. "Bring them along."

So the skipping-ropes were tied to every corner of the palace and the tame sharks set to work with a will.

"How lovely!" cried Don. "But we're going back to Funbeam!"

The tame sharks worked so hard they reached Funbeam by supper-time, and the Great Oojah sent each of them away happy with an extra chocolate cigarette, a new bathing cap, and a beautifully colored picture of himself.

That night Pounce came out of his cellar and prowled around the palace, searching for Flip-Flap's magic. In a hidden drawer he found a gold box, full of pink powder.

"I've got it," he muttered. "I'm taking some of this, and then I shall grow magic, too. This will be Oojah powder, for certain."

THE PINK POWDER

Pounce, the Panther, tries all sorts of ways to drive Flip-Flap and his friends out of Fun-beam. At last he finds a pink powder in the Great Oojah's room, which he thinks will make him magic, so he steals it all. Now read on.

FLIP-FLAP found everything upset when he came downstairs to breakfast, and the hidden drawer lying empty on the floor. He looked about, and rubbed his head, puzzled.

"What's the matter, Oojah, dear?" inquired Don.

"I don't quite exactly know," replied Flip-Flap. "The pink powder's all gone! It was Punishment Powder, you see, and I've never used it yet, so I don't know how it acts."

"My bedsocks!" cried Snooker. "I should like to see that working. Who's taken it, I wonder?"

"That's easy to tell," chirped the Sparrow Imp. "The Panther, of course."

"Then we shall see things, for certain," said Don. Down in the cellar Pounce was busy cutting up

a loaf of bread. He spread each slice thickly with jam on both sides, then he sprinkled the pink powder on and settled down to eat it all up.

Presently he began to notice he was growing bigger.

"I'm growing magic, right enough," he chuckled. "I'll soon be able to toss that elephant through his own window. Then I shall be the Oojah, and rule Funbeam for ever. They shall never have any more pets to put my nose out—I'll see to that."

He went on eating until he had finished the last crumb. But even then he was not satisfied.

"What an awful appetite I've got!" he complained. "I suppose it's with growing so big. I'm dreadfully hungry, and it's getting worse. I must eat something."

He swallowed the spoon and the jam-pot, then he started on the table. Still he was hungry.

"I must get something solid to eat," he grumbled. "I'm nearly starving."

He went off in search of more, and everything that came his way he swallowed up. He kept growing bigger, and the bigger he became the hungrier he grew.

At last he came upon Princess Funbeam, gathering roses in the garden.

"She ought to make a good mouthful," he muttered. "She's a nice little girl, and I've never tasted a Princess yet."

He hid behind a door to wait until she passed, but his tail was waving about, and it struck the door a blow that knocked it off its hinges. As it came crashing down the Princess looked up.

When she saw Pounce she dropped her basket of roses and fled with a cry towards the palace.

"Stop!" cried Pounce. "I've found the Oojah-powder, and I'm magic now. Stop when I tell you!"

But the Princess still ran on, so with a snarl the Panther pounced out after her.

POUNCE AND THE PRINCESS

Pounce the Panther steals some powder from Flip-Flap's room, which he thinks is Magic Powder, but it is really Punishment Powder. It makes him very large and very hungry, and seeing the Princess he thinks he will eat her. Now read on.

“**I** CAN'T find the Princess anywhere,” said Don. “Wherever can she be?”

“Out in the garden,” answered Flip-Flap, “gathering roses for my tea. I’m very fond of sugared roses, you know.”

“Listen!” Don exclaimed. “There’s the Princess crying out! I’m off to see what’s the matter.”

Hurrying into the garden, they found the Princess fallen into a bed of blossoming red peonies, and Pounce—growing bigger every minute—standing over her.

“So it’s you and your wickedness, is it?” shouted the Great Oojah. “You just leave our Princess alone.”

The Funbeams gathered around, staring at the Panther in alarm.

"I said he wasn't as good as he should be," muttered Snooker.

"Look! You can see him growing!" cried one little Judy.

"It's swelling with wickedness he is," explained the Kitten-Cat.

"You dare hurt the little Princess!" Flip-Flap threatened. "If you touch her I'll tie you up to my palace and flog you with red-hot pokers seven times a day!"

As the Panther slunk away the Princess jumped up and ran to hide behind Don. But Pounce turned and came swaggering back.

"You needn't suppose I'm afraid of you, old Oojah," he boasted. "Perhaps you don't know I've stolen all your magic!"

"My bedsocks!" cried Snooker. "I'll never believe it."

"You're nothing but a stupid old elephant now," continued Pounce. "I have your magic, and I can do whatever I like." And with a mocking laugh he strolled carelessly away.

Flip-Flap looked from Don to the Funbeams, in great distress.



The Funbeams gathered around and played their best lullabys
on their little banjos.

"It can't be true, Oojah, dear," Don comforted.

"My whiskers, I shouldn't think it was!" cried Snooker. "If he had your magic why didn't he work it on us?"

"I don't know," answered Flip-Flap, miserably. "I'm afraid it's true. That's why I can't do my magic, maybe. Lead me home, Don, and get me to bed. I'm feeling very weak. However shall I live without my dear magic?"

Sadly they led him to the palace and put him to bed. The little Princess began singing him to sleep, while the Funbeams gathered around and played their best lullabys on their little banjos.

Presently Don and Snooker crept quietly out of the palace.

"We must recover the Oojah's magic, somehow, no matter what happens," Don declared.

"We'll get it, you may be sure," the Kitten-Cat replied. "All we have to do is to trap that old villain Pounce—"

"Hush, creep quietly," whispered Don, warningly. "Look right in front of us—there he is!"

THE PANTHER'S MAGIC

Pounce, the Panther, steals some powder from Flip-Flap's palace and eats it, thinking it will make him magic; but it is really Punishment Powder, and makes him grow very big. Don and Snooker set out to try to find the lost magic. Now read on.

DON and Snooker found the Panther sitting under a tree talking to himself.

"I'm the magic animal now," he chuckled. "And they'll soon find it out, too."

"My tail!" cried Snooker. "I'll never believe that."

"It isn't magic to eat everything you see," said Don.

"Nothing but greediness," added the Kitten-Cat.

"I've done eating," snapped Pounce. "That powder is all worked off now. But you'd better be careful; it's not your fat old elephant that's magic now. I'll soon show you."

66 THE CHILDREN OF FUNBEAM

"My whiskers, I dare you to try!" cried Snooker.

"You wait," snarled Pounce. "In about two minutes I'll have you turned into caterpillars."

He tipped clumsily on to his head, and twirled round and round, just as he had seen Flip-Flap doing.

"I could do it better than that myself," laughed Don.

"Not much magic doing, so far," chuckled Snooker. "It's gone all rusty, you may depend."

Pounce fell over with a bump on the ground.

"I'm so tired," he complained. "Wait while I have a sleep, then I'll work some."

He lay down, and was soon fast asleep and snoring.

"Let's show him instead," said Snooker. "Come along, Don, we'll punish him for his insolence."

So they tied an old saucepan to his tail, and getting out the blacking brushes they blacked his face.

Even that was not enough, for Snooker insisted on starching the Panther's whiskers, and on painting crimson stripes all over him.

"So that people can see him coming," he explained.

"What's all this?" chirped the Sparrow Imp, flying up to them.

"We were going to make the Panther give up Flip-Flap's magic," Don explained.

"But he can't do any," added Snooker. "So now we're in a nice old fix, for we don't know if he has it."

"Nonsense!" said the Sparrow Imp. "Nobody can steal that."

Off he flew to the palace, and into Flip-Flap's bedroom.

"Cheery up, Great Oojah," he chirped. "Pounce hasn't got your magic. No one can work that but you."

"Where is it, then?" asked Flip-Flap, sitting up in bed. "Mine's all gone, sure enough."

"It's your forgettery again," said the Sparrow Imp.

"Not this time," declared the Oojah. "I stood on my head and twirled round and round, right enough."

"Was that all you did?" inquired the Sparrow Imp. "Then you forgot to work your secret while you twirled. Listen!" And, hopping close up to the Great Oojah, he whispered in his ear.

"Oh, my pajamas, now I remember," said Flip-Flap. "I can feel it coming back already. I'll soon show them a bit of my best magic."

THE END OF THE RAVEN BOGIE

The Sparrow Imp tells Flip-Flap that he hasn't really lost his magic, only forgotten how to use it. The Great Oojah is delighted, and jumps out of bed. Now read on.

“**D**O be careful, Oojah, dear,” said Don anxiously.

“So I will, so I will,” replied Flip-Flap. “Perhaps I’d better go to bed for a week and finish my sleep before I work any magic. Come and hold my hand, Don, and take care of me.”

So the Great Oojah went off to bed again, and the Funbeams carried their playthings into the farthest corner of the palace, not to disturb him.

On the shore the panther wandered about, very dejected and miserable.

“You made a pretty blunder of getting the Oojah’s magic,” the Raven Bogie taunted, flying over his head and hopping about him.

“There was something wrong about that powder,”

grumbled Pounce. "And I'm growing awfully hungry again now."

"I'm surprised you made yourself so foolish," smiled the Raven Bogie.

"Don't you laugh at me," snarled Pounce. "I'm hungry, and a hungry panther's dangerous."

"You're much too stupid to be dangerous," sneered the Raven Bogie.

"I do grow hungrier every minute," Pounce complained.

Clambering over the rocks, he came upon the barnacles. Seizing great mouthfuls of them, he crunched them all up, though they chipped and broke his teeth. In a few minutes not a barnacle remained.

"That palace looks tempting," he muttered. "I think I'll have a taste of that."

Stalking up in the twilight, he tried to munch the veranda. But it was far too tough, so he rambled around, nibbling at corners wherever he could. Then, climbing on the roof, he tried to bite off a chimney.

"Trying to eat a palace—what next?" cried the Raven Bogie. "Why don't you try something easier?"

"So I will," growled the panther. "Don't ever

say I didn't warn you!" And, pouncing on the Raven Bogie, he swallowed him up, feathers and all.

In the palace Snooker was busy warning the Funbeams.

"Hush, children," he called. "Pounce is at it again. He's trying to swallow the palace, now!"

"He must be caught," the Princess declared. "He's nothing but a nuisance to Funbeam."

"He's a trouble to everybody," said one little Johnnie. "We won't let him stay in Funbeam a minute longer."

"But who's going to catch him?" asked a Judy anxiously. "Pounce has grown so big we're all afraid of him."

"I'm only one Kitten-Cat," sighed Snooker. "If I was a thousand I'd soon settle him."

"Nobody's safe," said the Princess. "He must be turned out. But who can we get to do it?"

THE PANTHER'S LAST ADVENTURE

Pounce, the Panther, gives so much trouble that the Funbeams decide to drive him out of Funbeam; but they are all afraid of him, and do not know how to set to work. Now read on.

WHILE the Funbeams were considering what to do Pounce jumped down from the roof and galloped off to search for something more to eat.

And he puzzled so hard how he could steal Flip-Flap's magic he could think of nothing else. Suddenly he fell splash into the river.

"Oo-oo-oof!" he spluttered. "I don't like this. I wish I had looked where I was going."

"Here's a panther!" came a cry from the bank. "A panther, fallen in the river!"

And, with a shout of joy, Flip-Flap's old tormentors came running up.

Flinging ropes around his neck, the Stranger-Children dragged him out of the water, and off towards the cage.

"What a beauty!" cried one. "There never was such a big panther before, surely."

"We ought to get miles of dollars for him," said another. "We'll hurry him off to that man who buys animals for the Circus."

"Set me free!" roared Pounce. "I'm a magic panther. I'll eat every one of you if you don't let me go!"

But the Stranger-Children only laughed.

"More likely you would eat us if we did," replied one. "We watched you nibbling the palace, and gobbling the Raven Bogie up."

"How do you suppose I'm so big if I'm not magic?" Pounce asked. "Let me go, or you'll be sorry and sad."

"Had we better?" whispered one. "Perhaps he might be able to turn us into panthers, too."

"My whiskers!" cried Snooker, jumping down from a tree. "He's no more magic than I am. He's only grown so big through my Great Oojah's Punishment Powder. Tie on your tightest ropes, and take him away. You'd better sell him before he goes off with a bang, like gunpowder."

"Miserable little cat!" the panther snarled. "I'll eat you next."

"Try a little more Punishment Powder, Mister

Panther," chuckled Snooker. "Good for making you grow, you know. How do you like your stripes?"

"Here come the Funbeams, with their old elephant," cried a Stranger-Child. "Run—perhaps he will give us Punishment Powder, too."

"That's right," said the Kitten-Cat. "You take that panther away as quickly as ever you can."

Picking up the ropes, the Stranger-Children hurried the cage along on its wheels as fast as they could.

Snooker sat up contentedly and watched them, smiling at the panther, who was gnashing his teeth and howling with all his might.

"What's that awful noise?" asked Don, running up.

"Only the panther going off to be sold," Snooker explained. "He'll never go pouncing again, for sure."

THE COCO-NUTS

Pounce the Panther after causing a lot of trouble, is captured by the Stranger-Children, who put him in a cage and drag him away to sell him to a show. Snooker sees his undignified departure. Now read on.

WHEN Flip-Flap came up Snooker was turning cart-wheels and somersaults with joy.

"Whatever is the matter, little Kitten-Cat?" asked the Oojah. "You're sickening for a giddy headache, maybe?"

"Nonsense," chirped the Sparrow Imp. "Something's happened. Don't you hear that howling?"

"Stop my watch a minute," said Flip-Flap. "I want to listen."

As they listened to the panther's howls the Funbeams looked at each other in alarm.

"It's all right, everybody," Snooker explained. "Those Stranger-Children—"

"You don't mean to say they've come back!" the Princess interrupted.



"When they were all set out, he put his eye-glass up
and looked at them carefully"

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"Give a cat time to tell his little tale," said Snooker, reproachfully. "They're never likely to come back and worry you any more."

"Whyever not?" Don inquired.

"They're afraid our Great Oojah will give them Punishment Powder. And they've rushed Pounce away to be sold, so that's the end of him."

"This is exciting!" the Princess exclaimed. "We never had such times before the Great Oojah came."

"Yes, I'm glad we're here," said Flip-Flap, smiling with pleasure. "But I should have chased Pounce away long ago. My forgettery again!"

"You've been having a beauty sleep, dear Oojah," purred Snooker. "And you look ten times as handsome, and twenty times as young."

"I do, don't I?" asked the Oojah. "I really think I'm growing handsomer lately."

"We might have an extra dose of cream for tea, I should think," said the Kitten-Cat.

"I know what I'll have," said Flip-Flap mysteriously. "I'll have some secrets to-night."

That night, when the Funbeams were all asleep, Flip-Flap whispered to Don and Snooker to come with him.

"I'm giving our little Funbeams a royal surprise," he said. "You know how they love my palace?"

"Yes. Isn't it funny they have no houses of their own?" remarked Don. "I always thought it such a pity they had to sleep in the trees."

"You've got it," the Oojah agreed. "There's going to be great changes here, maybe."

He led the way on tip-toe, and off they went towards the forest.

Don and Snooker filled two canvas bags with coco-nuts, and the Great Oojah carried them back to the shore. There they planted them down, with one end sticking in the sand.

"Is it coco-nut shies you're making?" Don asked, but Flip-Flap only laughed.

When they were all set out, he put his eye-glass up and looked at them carefully.

"And very nice, too," he said. "Just one thing more. Turn your backs, and do a shut-eye while you count five."

"Oh!" cried Don, when they opened their eyes again. "How perfectly scrumptious! But what's become of the coco-nuts?"

SNOOKER TURNS MASCOT

FLIP-FLAP was very pleased with his latest work. And well he might be, for each coconut planted along the shore had turned into a beautiful little house, just big enough for a Funbeam child to live in.

"My bedsocks!" cried Snooker. "They're fit for a prince, I declare."

"Of course," said the Sparrow Imp. "Didn't our Great Oojah magic them?"

When the Funbeams spied the dear little houses they raced excitedly down to the beach.

"Dear, darling Oojah!" the Princess exclaimed. "We never can thank you half-quarter enough!"

"Well, my dear," smiled Flip-Flap, "I wanted to give each of you a little parting present. We've had a glorious time here; but I must be getting back to Oojah Land again."

"No!" the Funbeams cried. "We can't possibly do without our dear Great Oojah!"

"My whiskers!" said Snooker. "Shan't we miss these children?"

"We'll come and see you again some day, maybe," Flip-Flap promised. "But go home I certainly must."

"Then leave us the dear black Kitten-Cat," the Princess pleaded. "He shall be our mascot, and live on the best of cream."

"Yes, do leave us the little Snooker," the Funbeams begged.

"My tail!" cried Snooker. "I should rather like to try being a mascot. The Sparrow Imp can look after your forgettery. And," he whispered, "you can always magic me home when you want me."

"So I can, so I can," Flip-Flap agreed. "Well, perhaps I will. But you must take the greatest care of my best cat."

The next day the Funbeams gave Snooker a little gold crown and a new pair of embroidered bedsocks. Then, seating him in a little gilded chair, they carried him all around Funbeam in state.

"It's been a beautiful holiday," said the Oojah that evening, as they said their good-byes. "I'm very sorry to leave you, little Kitten-Cat."

"The best of friends must part," sighed Snooker. "I like these bedsocks fine, but the crown gives me headaches. I do wish I hadn't been in such a hurry to be a mascot."



They carried him all around Funbeam in State.

